My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.—
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambassadors.

EXE. This was a merry message.

K. HEN. We hope to make the sender blush at it. *[Descends from his Throne.*

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition:
For we have now no thought in us but France;
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected; and all things thought upon,
That may, with reasonable swiftness, add
More feathers to our wings[2]; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man now task his thought[0],
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

Enter CHORUS.

CHOR. Now all the youth of England [4] are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;

a — with REASONABLE swiftness, add
More feathers to our WINGS ;] So, in Troilus and Cressida:
«----------set
** The very *wings* of *reason* to his heels."
STEEVENS.
3 — task his thought.] The same phrase has already occurred
at the beginning of the present scene:
""That toA *our thoughts,* concerning us and France.*'

See p. 265, n. 1. STEEVENS.

4 Now all the youth of England —] I think Mr, Pope ncris-